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THE DRUID's MONUMENT,

A

TRIBUTE to the MEMORY

OF

Dr. *OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

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Dr. *OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

By the Author of the CAVE OF MORAR.

"DIGNUM LAUDE VIRUM
"MUSA VETAT MORI.

LONDON:

Printed for T. DAVIES, *Russell Street, Covent Garden.*

M,DCC,LXXIV.

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OF

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DRUID'S MONUMENT,

ON THE

THE

DRUID's MONUMENT.

THE moon ſhone bright—I ſtray'd along,
Where Thames ſo ſweetly flows,
And oft I rais'd the ruſtic ſong,
Impell'd by fancied woes.

I ſung of love, and all its charms,
Of love with ſcorn repaid,
I ſung of jealouſy's alarms,
And blam'd th' inconſtant maid.

" Farewell,

" Farewell, I cried, ye giddy train,
" So fickle and untrue,
" And heav'n protect that hapleſs ſwain,
" Who builds his hopes on you.

" Theſe hopes, alas! will quickly fly,
" Nor leave a ſhade behind,
" And cold diſdain ſhall arm that eye,
" Which lately beam'd ſo kind.

" Tho' now the Spring, ſo blythe and gay,
" Adorns the fields with flow'rs,
" Tho' now the Linnet pours her lay
" Amid yon ſylvan bow'rs:

" Yet to that ſlighted youth, the Spring
" Smiles chearfully in vain,
" And tho' the Linnets ſweetly ſing,
" They cannot eaſe his pain."—

Thus

Thus flow'd my ſtrain, as fancy bade,
I thought no mortal nigh—
I turn'd me to the ſylvan ſhade,
A ſtranger caught my eye.

Grief mark'd his face, his locks were grey,
An ancient harp he bore,
And plain and rude was his array,
As that which Druids wore.

" Mortal, he ſaid, thy cares are vain,
" Such cares thou muſt forego;
" It ill becomes thee to complain,
" Or grieve at fancied woe.

" If grief you love, come follow me,
" And where yon elms appear,
" A mournful monument you'll ſee
" That juſtly claims a tear.

" That monument the DRUIDS rais'd,
" It bears a Poet's name,
" Whom Britain's children long have prais'd,
" A fav'rite ſon of fame.

" Oft have we ſeen him on theſe plains,
" (He lov'd the calm retreat)
" Oft have we heard his poliſh'd ſtrains,
" And every note was ſweet.

" Say, *Nature* ſay, for thou canſt tell,
" Are not the words thy own,
" When to the *hermit's (a)* peaceful cell—
" The poet leads us on.

" Do not thy thoughts appear,
" Does not thy voice adorn,
" When theſe ſweet ſounds ſalute the ear,
" *Turn, gentle hermit, turn.*

O! ſay

(a) This alludes to Dr. Goldſmith's well known Ballad of the Hermit.

" O! ſay what beauties grace the ſong,
" What heavenly Ardor warms,
" When ANGELINA, loſt ſo long,
" Is lock'd in EDWIN's arms.

" This ſtrain the *Druids* oft repeat
" In ſome ſequeſter'd grove,
" Where with the *Fairy* train they meet,
" To hear the tales of love.

" For ſtill the Druids haunt this iſle,
" And fairies oft are ſeen,
" When ſleep rewards the plowman's toil,
" And ſhepherds leave the green.

" Oft hand in hand, in mirthful mood,
" At night we tread the lawn,
" And hide us in this lonely wood,
" When day begins to dawn.

" And here with ſome bewitching ſtrain,
" We cheat the ling'ring hours,
" Till the pale moon returns again,
" And makes all nature ours.

" And oft in hearing GOLDSMITH's lays,
" Theſe lays that touch the ſoul,
" We've paſs'd the longeſt Summer days,
" And wonder'd how they ſtole.

" But ah! theſe ſtrains we'll hear no more,
" For to yon darkſome dell,
" This morn the weeping ſhepherds bore,
" The bard we lov'd ſo well:

" With decent grace we ſaw them bend,
" And lay in yonder grave,
" The friend of man, the muſe's friend,
" Whom virtue could not ſave.

" And

" And can we ſtay when he is gone?
" Can we enjoy theſe plains?
" Ah! no, their ſweeteſt charms are flown,
" They've loſt their poet's ſtrains.—

" *Auburn* farewell *(b)*—no more we'll ſtray
" 'Mid thy *deſerted* bow'rs,
" T'applaud thy poet's plaintive lay,
" And pluck thy withering flow'rs.

" No more the Druids ſhall appear,
" But like thy hapleſs train,
" Drop, as they paſs, a ſilent tear,
" And ſeek ſome happier plain.

" Yet on that plain, where'er it is,
" We'll oft together join,
" And fondly tell the ſcenes of bliſs
" The joys that once were thine.

 " Ev'n

(b) The deſerted Village.

" Ev'n there we'll crown thy bard with bays,
" And give him juſt applauſe,
" When we recall his pleaſing lays,
" And think what *Auburn* was.

" Perhaps where *Alpine* hills *(c)* aſcend,
" We'll ſit us down at laſt,
" And ſee fair ITALY extend,
" And think of pleaſures paſt;

" Then turning, trace the various ſcenes
" Which GOLDSMITH's pencil drew,
" And own, with tears, that all his ſtrains
" Are juſt, are ſtrictly true.

" Yet ere we left our native land,
" We rais'd this ſacred ſtone,
" Where SCULPTURE, with an artful hand,
" The poet's worth hath ſhown.

" Then

(c) The Traveller.

" Then turn and read—nor rail at love,
" Nor drop that uſeleſs tear,
" Nor let *unreal* ſorrow move,
" But pay a tribute *here*."

I turned, I read, I heav'd a ſigh,
My conduct who can blame,
For every bard that paſſes by
Will always do the ſame.

The INSCRIPTION.

" Adieu, ſweet bard, to each fine feeling true,
" Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few,
" Thoſe form'd to charm, ev'n vicious minds, and theſe
" With harmleſs mirth the ſocial ſoul to pleaſe,
" Another's woe thy heart could always melt,
" None gave more free, for none more deeply felt.

" Sweet

" Sweet bard adieu, thy own harmonious lays
" Have ſculptur'd out thy monument of praiſe.
" Yes—theſe ſurvive to time's remoteſt day,
" While drops the buſt, and boaſtful tombs decay.—
" Reader, if number'd in the muſe's train,
" Go tune the lyre, and imitate his ſtrain;
" But, if no poet thou, reverſe the plan,
" Depart in peace, and imitate the man."

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Author thinks it his duty to inform his readers, that the INSCRIPTION, ſuppoſed to be engraved on the DRUID's MONUMENT, is not written by him.—That very elegant epitaph is ſaid to be the production of the ingenious Mr. W. WOTY, to whom the public are already indebted for many other poetical pieces of great merit.—But as the Author of the Druid's Monument was conſcious that he could not draw Dr. GOLDSMITH's character more juſtly, or more agreeably, than Mr. WOTY had done, he took the liberty of introducing

ducing his epitaph in this poetical trifle, a liberty, which, Mr. WOTY will, no doubt, readily excuſe, becauſe both Authors have the ſame object in view, they both wiſh to pay a tribute to the memory of the ſame delightful poet, and to make his literary and ſocial merits known to his countrymen.

FINIS.